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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

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Mendel Davis:
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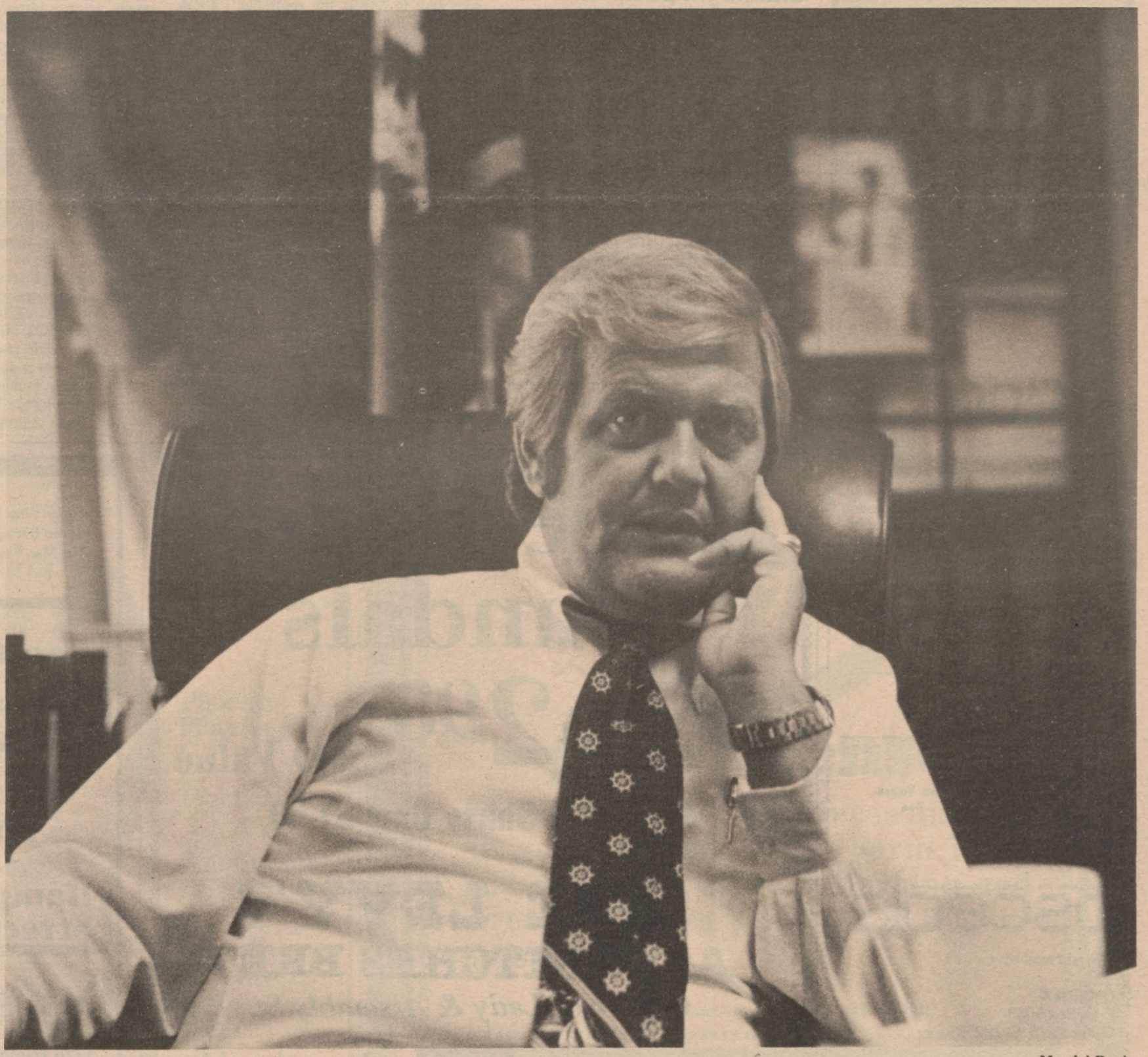

Photo by Scott Graber

Mendel Davis

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"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
— press critic A.J. Liebling

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Cheap Shots

It's a whole new ball game

Out of Romulus, Michigan comes a tale of conflict as old as Western history itself. Romulus, as you might remember, was one of those famous twins suckled by a she-wolf, who later went on to be a founding father of Rome. Of the other lad, Remus, not very much is known, though some scholars insist he was the pre-economics prototype of the troubador jet-set who originally penned "The Song of the South." And while the song has met with mixed reviews, Rome has continued to enjoy universal acclaim for its bequeathment of spectator sports. Therefore, we think it only appropriate on this, the 1589th anniversary of the fall of the Roman Empire, to pay homage to that early spirit of competitiveness with this paeon out of Romu's latest geographic namesake:

"I think it's dumb," dark-haired, freckle-faced Nancy Winnard said after being told she could not play Little League baseball without wearing a boy's protective athletic supporter and cup.

A 'shield' law that might pass

Imagine this scene: A lone figure slips into the gallery of the South Carolina House of Representatives' chamber and chooses a seat three rows back. He sits quietly for several minutes while glancing casually around the upper deck. Suddenly, without warning he pulls out a long barreled pistol, takes quick, careful aim, then fires six rounds into the unsuspecting legislators below.

There is a shattering of glass, mass confusion on the floor, and the gunman sits in stunned silence. Out of nowhere pop Batman and Robin. "Foiled again, Penguin," Batman shouts. "You didn't know it, but this House had the foresight to install a bullet-proof shield to protect itself from nuts like you."

Now we all know that there isn't a bullet-proof shield around the House's visitors' gallery, right? Thing is, though, did you know that there might be? A resolution was introduced in the House June

Kneece McLeod

6 (H3186) by Reps. Carter, Campbell, Dangerfield, Evatt, Harris, Schwartz and Stevenson requesting that the Clerk of the House "shield the gallery."

The resolution, which seems to have been a "spin-off" of a March 5 resolution (H2548) expressing concern for the security of the membership, was a result of an incident that occurred in the House chamber some time ago, in which a person sitting in the gallery began shouting at the members of the House below -- somethng about "I am the Lord thy God and you will do as I say," according to one of the resolution's sponsors, Rep. Bill Campbell, D-Richland.

Campbell claimed that the incident "scared the hell out of some of the members," thus prompting the resolution. "There may be some people out there with axes to grind," Campbell said, although he doubted that any action would be taken on the measure during this legislative session. (The matter has been sent to the House Ways and Means Committee for further study.)

Without a doubt there are South Carolinians with personal axes to grind with members of the legislature, as could be expected considering the often infuriating occurences that take place in the State House. But we suspect that few are quite as zealous as the gentleman mentioned previously.

What's so ironic about the proposed legislative action, though, is that no similar "shield" is planned for the Senate chamber. One legislator spectulated privately that the Senate might be more in need of such a device, and we couldn't agree more.

But maybe a better idea would be to put a shield around every legislator's desk and lock them in it each morning and afternoon so we could depend on them to be around when a vote is necessary. Might just do away with what has been known for years as "taking a walk" when a legislator wants to discreetly avoid taking a stand on a critical issue. For instance, House Judiciary chairman Bobby Kneece of Richland took a walk all the way to Europe for two weeks earlier in the year when the vote on his old pal's (Clyde Eltzroth) nomination for circuit judge came up.

At any rate, if you happen to visit the House chamber anytime soon, don't be popping your gum or stomping a cup up in the gallery. Those legislators are getting a little jumpy as they near the end of the session...and we don't blame them.

Chiropractors test the system

A group of chiropractors in the state are making quite a pain in the, er, uh, **neck** of themselves to their colleagues. As reported in the June 6 issue of **Osceola**, the S.C. Chiropractors' Association is currently caught up in a bitter debate over whether chiropractors are legally licensed and qualified to use medical equipment. A number of "straight" chiropractors -- the fundamentalists of the profession, who believe in the "hands only" treatment set forth by their licenses -- have contended that at least half of South Carolina's chiropractors are using ultrasonic devices, heat treatments, traction harnesses, and other devices that are prohibited by law.

Dr. Jordan D. Young of Florence, legislative chairman of the S.C. Chiropractors' Association, is one of the leaders of the "straights," who have formed a committee to speed up the prosecution of the "mixers," as they call chiropractors who use the illegal equipment. Young told us that the state attorney general's office has known about illegal chiropractic treatments for about 15 years but has never done anything about the problem. And Young predicted that, if we were to ask Attorney General Dan McLeod why he hadn't prosecuted anyone yet,

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McLeod would answer that he was just about to take a "mixer" to court.

Sure enough, that's just what McLeod told us. He said he'd just filed a suit in Darlington County which would resolve the provlem of just what equipment and devices chiropractors can legally use.

But the S.C. Board of Chiropractic Examiners apparently didn't want to leave everything up to McLeod. After all, it took 15 years before McLeod began prosecuting his first "mixer." The Board of Chiropractic Examiners, which sets the rules and regulations for all chiropractors, has filed suit against three "mixers" from Charleston County, according to the **Charlotte Observer.**

The Board of Chiropractic Examiners is still controlled by "straights." In fact, Dr. Annette Young, wife of Dr. Jordan Young, is the new president of the board. (The **Observer** mistakenly reported that Jordan Young was president.) The S.C. Chiropractors' Association, too, is controlled by straights; but the current president, Dr. L.B. Sims of Greenville, a vocal opponent of the use of medical equipment and techniques, will be replaced in November by president-elect J. Pat McCoy, who is just as vocal in support of the mixers.

So the straights better get their licks in while they still can. And they're doing so. The Board of Examiners is suing Drs. Kenneth Muckenfuss, R.K. Hazelton, and Bert Black for alleged illegal use of vitamin therapy, ultrasonic machines, and "diathermy" machines which supposedly increase blood circulation but, according to the straights, can be dangerous. The S.C. Attorney General's office is acting as attorney for the Board of Examiners in the suit.

The mixers are getting hit from more than one side. At about the same time that the Board of Examiners filed its suit, Dr. Jordan Young asked the state tax commission to see if mixers who sold vitamins weren't violating sales tax laws by not charging sales tax. Young claimed that the mixers should also have to charge sales tax on sales of cervical collars that support the neck and orthopedic belts that support the back.

Young's strategy is basically akin to that used by the feds in bringing government grafters to their knees. If you can't find the crooks red-handed in any blatantly illegal acts, the game plan says, you can always get 'em for not paying all their taxes. While the straights are really concerned about the mixers using illegal machines that might harm patients and give the chiropractic profession a "quack" image, they certainly wouldn't mind if the mixers were put out of business for tax violations. The end is more important than the means.

Young and the other supporters of traditional, narrowly-defined chiropractic are raising quite a ruckus in their professional circles. It's about time. The mixers' attitude is generally that, "Okay, we admit we're doing something illegal, but the law is wrong. We can't tolerate an archaic law -- we've got to fight it. And anyhow, if we break the law long enough and blatantly enough, sooner of later they'll change it." That may be true, because it's an unpleasant fact of life that no law is going to be enforced unless it has the widespread support of the community behind it. Yet we can't help but wonder how tolerant those mixers would be toward marijuana users, who are using the same general strategy: break the law so much that the authorities get tired of enforcing it.

Whatever happened to the old American idea that if you don't like something, you should go through "The System" to change it? Meanwhile, we'd kinda like to see a few irate victims of the mixers rise up and give their unscrupulous chiropractors a dose of their own medicine. Put 'em in "intersegmental traction" -- the "Rack," as Jordan Young called it -- and give 'em the old stretch treatment. It might put a little respect back into the profession.

Angry Rats seize White House

In a way it's good news: the latest threat to national security is not creeping communism. There have been no recent sightings of terrorists landing on Kiawah Island in out-rigger canoes. The Glomar expedition has led to the justifiable conclusion that Russia and China combined don't have an over-kill capability even to touch our own; thus, even should detente fail miserably, we can still depart this planet secure in the knowledge we would win the big one. But while Nixon is rumored to be seeking out a suitable buyer for San Clemente so he can end his self-imposed exile and move to L.A. for a bit more fun and socialization, officials in Washington now appear determined to carry on their vendetta against the Big Cheese with the hope of lowering the value of the West Coast estate by revealing the bizarre details of the latest scandal at the White House.

Ford and Tricky: the big cheeses

"It all goes back to four years ago when Nixon took that terrible helicopter ride over the Mall. He looked down from the helicopter and asked an aide what were those unsightly buildings cluttering up the Mall," one official explained. The buildings were remnants of World War I, Navy munitions sheds long fallen into decay through disuse. Nixon ordered them torn down, and the invasion was on. It now appears that as early as 1971 there was empirical evidence of what we knew all along: there are rats in the White House.

In fact, we are told, the situation got so bad in the last days of Nixon's administration that Gen. Alexander M. Haig nicknamed the walls of his office "The Ho Chi Minh Trail." But with Nixon's resignation, the Ford administration acted quickly to clean house, and by last October the executive mansion rat-trappers proudly proclaimed they had knocked off every last rodent on Pensylvania Avenue.

Now, however, the word is out that a mouse was seen carousing not far down the hall from Jerry's office. It is said that, in the middle of the night, observors deep in the dark basement offices have reported the distinctive patter of shifty feet issuing from the ceiling. Admittedly, if this is all the country has to cope with, we are in pretty good shape. After all, the American poor ("They are always among us") have survived the furry little plague for two full centuries now, and show no signs of ending their endurance record.

So Watergate is not over by a long shot. While Nixon defenders continue to point to Sweat-Lip's "accomplishments," his detractors have found yet another sin visited upon us by our father.

It seems to us though that both sides have failed to examine recent history objectively. If history does indeed vindicate R.M. Nixon, it will be because the Watergate Mob has managed to gain control of the textbook publishing houses. One has only to realize that every major domestic and foreign accomplishment during those years from the War Powers Act to Minumum Wage increase was achieved in spite of the Big Cheese's wishes. Meanwhile the detractors would do well to realize that Nixon's rats were exterminated by last October. The current infestation was discovered in mid-April -- about the time of the Mayaguez incident. ■

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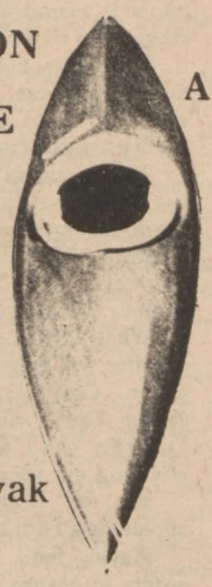

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FROM WASHINGTON

William Safire, who used to ghostwrite speeches for Spiro Agnew and now writes a column syndicated by **The New York Times**, explained the other day that Richard Nixon, the Misunderstood President, never did a lot of bad things that some of his predecessors (Democrats)allegedly did. For example "Nixon never used the FBI or CIA to spy on political opponents," says Safire.

We are avidly reading the six-part series on Nixon in **The New Yorker** by Jonathan Schell, which brings back, and almost makes believable, those days of "the lift of a driving dream," and we are reminded that just before the 1970 midterm election Agnew set off on a tour of the country, "in the company of several White House aides, including speechwriters Patrick Buchanan and William Safire." If you had served a Vice President who pleaded no contest to the charge of being a crook, and a President who chose to resign rather than be impeached, a note of bitterness might creep into your column too, now and then, defending old pals. Nobody is all bad. After all Hitler was nice to...Eva...Braun.

Just as we got to feeling warm and forgiving to the ex-President, under Safire's appeal, we ran across a passage in the Rockefeller commission's report on the CIA telling how the White House gang diddled Richard Helms, then CIA director. They wanted him to declassify sensitive files about Cuba and South Vietnam that they thought might be "helpful in neutralizing critics of the Administration's policies and particularly Senator Kennedy," who was regarded as Nixon's principal challenger. Helms was sticky about it and Nixon and Ehrlichman called him in and assured him that they had no intention of releasing the documents -- just needed them for negotiations with the Soviets. It was a lie; Helms wasn't told, says the report, "of the President's intention to use the information in these files for political purposes." The deception was "thoroughly reprehensible."

Then there is Theodore H. White's **Breach of Faith: the Fall of Richard Nixon** condensed in two parts in **Reader's Digest.** Teddy White is a special case; no presidential election is valid until he brings us his book about it, and he always eulogizes whoever wins; he takes a proprietary interest in winners. In 1968, starry-eyed, he discovered a "new Nixon." In 1972 he took Nixon at face value -- a thoughtful, conservative patriot, he thought, only, alas, Watergate began to break while the book was still at press and he crammed in some last-minute, second thoughts, saying that he "would have cast Richard Nixon as one of the major Presidents of the twentieth century" until the scandal. Lucky that White's book came out; otherwise they would have to hold a new election.

The difference between Teddy White and TRB is that while White first liked Nixon and then disliked him, TRB disliked him all along. What is pleasing about White is that he can make just as much money out of Nixon whether he rises or falls. Now White is in full flood and still yearns, like Safire, for his fallen idol. When Nixon brought the nation almost to anarchy by his invasion of Cambodia, he went, on the night of May 9, 1970, at 5 a.m. with his valet to the Lincoln Memorial to talk at random with a group of students waiting for an antiwar demonstration that day. Schell's version is that "the young people were disconcerted" by his disconnected talk; White's sympathetic account is that he had "a warm and pleading conversation." Most accounts are that Nixon was near a nervous breakdown; that same night he had made 51 phone calls from 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. White dismisses the horrifying invasion of Cambodia merely as "the most successful American offensive of the entire Vietnam war." The military ignorance of this judgment is only equaled by its moral opacity.

Sour notes

Let's go on to a third sour note, now, about Gov. Meldrim Thomson, Jr. (R, NH), and his principal backer, pistol-packing publisher William Loeb (**Manchester Union-Leader**), and the latter's current soul-mate candidate for President, George Wallace.

De Profundus

(Or, How Much Is the Stumble Pie?)

"It may take 25 or 30 years before one can make a real judgment where the course of wisdom lay, either in getting in or getting out (of Vietnam). The bill has not been presented for payment yet. Foreign policy is a little bit like a cafeteria; you select your policy and you pay the cashier at the door." —Former Secretary of State Dean Rusk

By Sorel in The Village Voice

Gov. Thomson has just come up with an arresting idea, that the New Hampshire national guard be equipped with nuclear weapons. "We would then have a tremendous protective power there," he said, according to the AP -- just what for we don't know; maybe for crowd control.

New Hampshire's Democratic Sen. Tom McIntyre took out after the Loeb-Wallace-Thomson crew the other day in Concord, N.H. "Make no mistake, my friends," he said, "the primitives, the demagogues are ready, willing and eager to provide simple answers, simple remedies and a bag full of scapegoats for every issue." He noted that Loeb dictatorially declares blacks genetically inferior, and "advocates saturation bombing for every problem." As to Wallace, the idea of him as President, he says is "incredible and appalling." This was the man, he recalls, whose battle cry was "Segregation Forever!" who has in Alabama one of the most regressive tax systems, one of the lowest minimum wages, unemployment benefits and workmen's compensation plans, and one of the highest crime rates in the country. Just the other day, he notes, Wallace told 25 foreign journalists that the U.S. was "fighting the wrong people, maybe, in World War II." McIntyre just can't take Wallace seriously.

We got to thinking about these things the other evening out back of the White House, sitting in a folding camp chair, waiting for President Ford. A vapor trail moved through the cirrus clouds as though somebody were drawing it with chalk and the sun sank, and the birds sang, and there was the fine old mansion that the British burnt, and piazza where I saw Franklin Roosevelt lifted up by Jimmy like a bag of potatoes to make his fourth inaugural speech, and the balcony Truman added -- that spunky little man! -- all half concealed by a giant magnolia. Geraniums and roses nodded at our crowd with somebody testing the sound system and the ululation of a distant ambulance, and planes rumbling down the Potomac.

Jerry Ford came in, broad shouldered with mild, large plain features, and we asked him questions. An attractive man. The funny thing was, in this lovely setting the subject was murder. Yes, the CIA assassination business; and what did he know, and when did he know it? How many foreign opponents, we inquired, did the CIA contract with the Mafia to kill? The President wouldn't say -- put us off.

Secret commitments

JACK ANDERSON
AND THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON -- The controversy over Richard Nixon's secret commitments to former President Thieu of South Vietman simply won't fade away.

The charge that confidential, written pledges of support had been made to Thieu was first raised last April by Sen. Henry Jackson, D.-Wash. Despite White House denials, two Nixon letters to the now deposed Vietnamese strongman subsequently surfaced.

On Nov. 14, 1972, Nixon gave Thieu his "absolute assurance that if Hanoi fails to abide by the terms of (the Paris agreement) it is my intention to take swift and severe retaliatory action.' And on Jan. 5, 1973 Nixon promised to "respond with full force should the settlement be violated by North Vietnam..."

These letters, Kissinger privately told a group of legislators, "were not agreements by the U.S. but statements by Richard Nixon of intentions. These did not differ materially from the public statements."

Key congressional leaders, however, are not impressed with Kissinger's semantics. The Nixon-Thieu exchanges, they feel, were a flagrant violation of the law, which requires the President to report all international agreements to Congress.

Senator Jackson has called for an investigation by the Senate Armed Services Committee. And Sen. Clifford Case, the powerful New Jersey Republican, has asked for a probe by the Foreign Relations Committee.

Even some of President Ford's conservative supporters in the Senate are demanding that the full story be told.

In a private letter to the President last April, Mississippi Democrat John Stennis requested "all documentation" which "bears on the nature and extent of the U.S. commitment to South Vietnam..." These materials, he added, "should be provided promptly."

One month later, after Vietnam had fallen, Ford responded with the incredible assertion that the subject "is no longer a relevant issue..."

"I consider our urgent task now," wrote the President, "is to face the future and leave the divisive debates over Vietnam behind us. I ask your help in this effort."

Sen. John Sparkman, D.-Ala., chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, also requested White House documentation. "I would appreciate...the text of all understandings, undertakings or similar statements made by President Nixon, Dr. Kissinger, or other U.S. officials relative to the cease-fire agreement," he wrote on April 10.

The President again refused to cooperate, but Sparkman is sticking to his guns. He has dispatched another letter to the White House and is now awaiting an answer.

Ford's defense of Nixon's secret agreements, in sum, smells strongly of a cover-up.

Economic Disaster: Many economists fear that President Ford's new energy package could lead to economic disaster.

The President's plan to add another dollar to the price of every barrel of imported oil, it is estimated, will cost consumers a staggering six billion dollars a year.

Previously Ford had already added a dollar import tax. So the total $2 surcharge will add up to an extra $12 billion that Americans must pay for petroleum products.

The President is trying to cut down oil use by making it too expensive to waste. On top of this, he wants to decontrol the price of domestic oil. This move, if it is okayed by Congress, will cost the consumers still another $16 billion.

What all this means is that the price of gasoline will be going up to about 75 cents a gallon. Congress, of course, can change or cancel Ford's actions. But right now, Congress can't seem to get together on anything but vacation dates.

The oil companies, meanwhile, are applauding Ford's moves.

Playing Ball: The Air Force has issued orders to ensure that congressmen have a place to play softball this summer. The generals picked out a softball diamond at Bolling Air Force Base, just a few minutes from Capitol Hill, and designated it the "congressional softball field." They then ordered "any groups" playing in the area to "relinquish the field when congressional groups arrive..."

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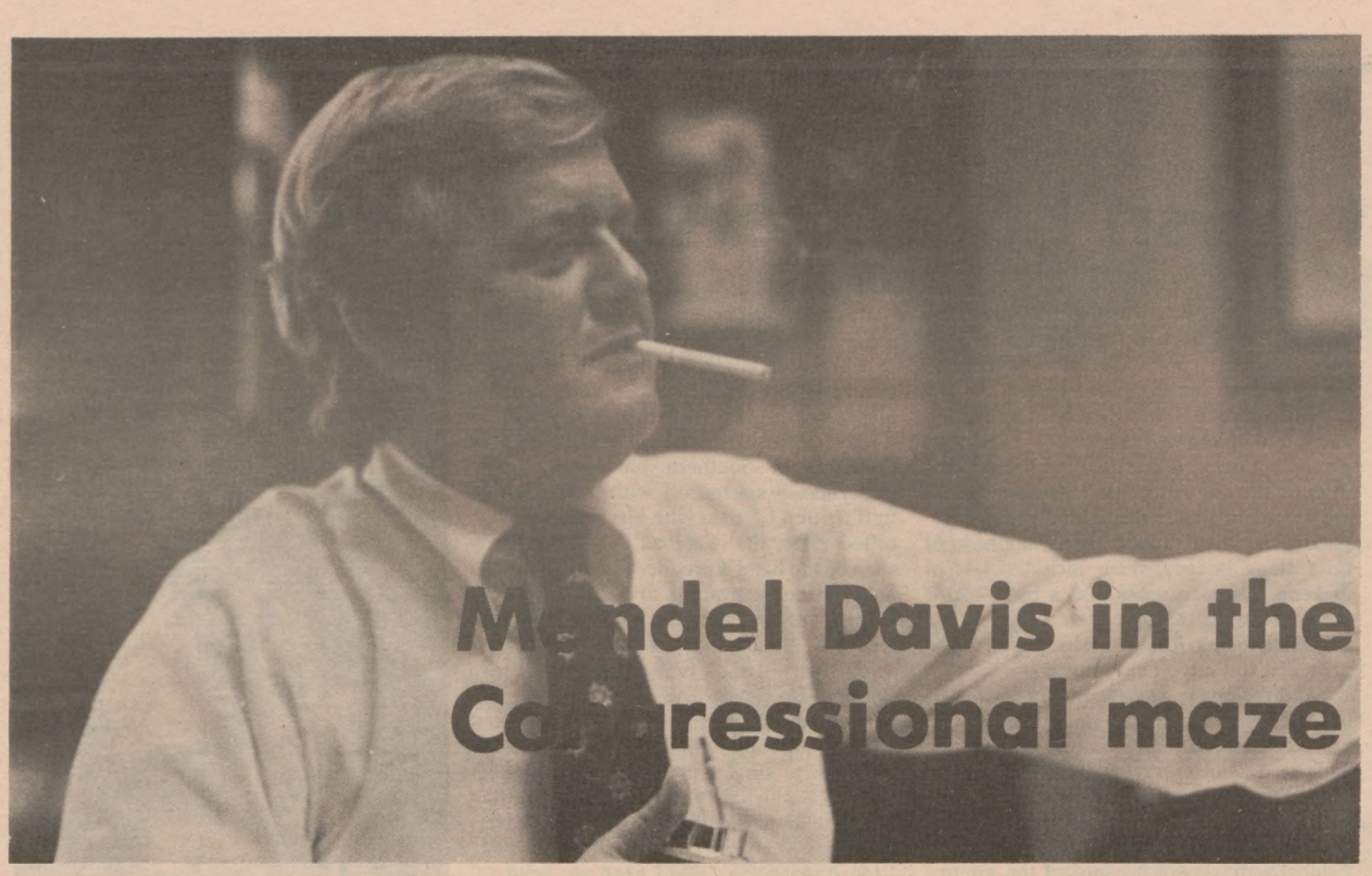

Mendel Davis in the Congressional maze

by Scott Graber

700,000 pounds is a lot of anything...but it's an awful lot of airplane. 700,000 pounds of the C-5A, was on its final approach into Charleston.

Among those gathered to greet the leviathan was L. Mendel Rivers. Rivers, the powerful patriarch from South Carolina's First Congressional District, was awaiting his payoff. He had defended this troubled airplane for three controversial years. (The first squadron of these jets would be based in Charleston, naturally.) And now the first $60 million Dumbo was descending on Rivers' own home.

As the airplane touched the ground, one of its 28 wheels broke loose and bounced ahead of the plane...to the chagrin of the generals, politicians and Lockheed people on hand. But this incident didn't bother Rivers. "That's why they put 28 wheels on that plane...so it can lose a couple now and then," Rivers explained.

Despite this sort of remark, we, in the First Congressional District, were rather fond of Mendel Rivers. We were proud that this man -- Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee -- was one of our own. And we know, of course, that Mendel would look after his people.

In 1965 when former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara began his austerity program...began closing bases...the First Congressional District lost one military facility -- a Marine transportation shed that employed three men. To soften this blow, a Polaris squadron (2,200 men) was attached to Charleston.

Then Mendel Rivers was gone...and we in the District were fearful. Yes, without Mendel, the District could count on an economic drubbing. One thing we in the South have always understood is seniority (not that we aren't reminded every couple of years). We knew that seniority on the House Armed Services Committee was responsible for the enormous military presence in North Charleston and in Beaufort, and we were loath to imagine our fall from grace.

Palmer Gaillard, the mayor of Charleston, was the heir apparent, and was ready to assume the privileges and wear the robes. But Mendel J. Davis -- an obscure aide to Rivers -- decided that he could not wait another twenty or thirty years. Davis, who was with Rivers in Birmingham when he died, knew he could not beat the popular mayor in Charleston. He also knew that he didn't need Charleston. He needed Estill and Gillisonville and Green Pond. He would need (and he got) Beaufort, Hampton, Colleton, Dorchester and Jasper Counties. He would also need North Charleston...the blue-collar, sweat-stained community that surrounds and supports the Navy Yard and the Air Force Base. Gaillard simply could not comprehend this "popular" stategy. Gaillard lost.

Davis, Mendel Rivers' godson, went to the Congress in 1971 and appeared to have a basic understanding of how the institution functioned. He knew that there were a dozen people in the House who sat at the very fountainhead of power. Among this group were Wilbur Mills and Edward Hebert. The first order of business was to get close to these men.

In August of 1971, Davis went to Arkansas for a "Wilbur Mills Appreciation Day." He was effusive in his praise of Mills: "the first Southerner in contact with the people." And he joined the congressional effort to draft Mills for the presidential nomination. Mills would remember this and would later assure Davis a seat on the House Armed Services Committee. From the very beginning, Davis maintained a close relationship with Edward Hebert. Hebert had assumed command of the Armed Services Committee after the death of Mendel Rivers.

He would also come to Charleston and assure the district that there would be no major reductions in the military posture around Charleston. Ah yes, this was music to our ears.

But all was not well in the rear. In Charleston, Mendel Rivers, Jr., (son of the patriarch) had begun to openly criticize Davis; Davis outraged the black community when he voted against a federal appropriation to build a monument to the late Negro educator, Mary Bethune; Ralph Nader characterized Davis' congressional career as "unremarkable," saying that none of the 22 bills sponsored by Davis has gotten out of committee. To make the situation even more difficult, George McGovern won the Democratic party nomination in the summer of '72.

In 1972 Nixon believed that South Carolina was "safe." His southern tactician, Harry Dent, was a South Carolinian; and Richard Nixon was not unfamiliar with Strom Thurmond. Influence-wise, we in South Carolina had presence in Nixon's White House. Richard Nixon was certain he would carry South Carolina...so certain that he did not even appear in the state (he did send Tricia to Myrtle Beach).

The Republican Party decided that among those House seats that could be carried with the coming electoral Tsunami were the First and the Sixth.

The Sixth Congressional District was, for years, the bailiwick of John L. MacMillan. "Johnny Mac" chaired the House District Committee and this committee had come into increasingly bitter confrontation with those who wanted self-government in the District of Columbia.

This dissatisfaction would eventually lead to capture of this seat by Ed Young, a farmer who preached the virtues of farm life on Florence television. Another farmer, Sidi Limehouse, would carry the Republican colors in the First District. His attack was centered, not on Davis, but on McGovern. His advertising underscored McGovern's loathing of the military...and its potential effect on Charleston. Limehouse tried and eventually suceeded in getting Davis to admit that he would -- reluctantly -- vote for McGovern: "I am voting a Democratic Ticket."

In a remarkable statement, Harry Dent said that Richard Nixon would "appoint" Limehouse to a seat on the Armed Services Committee. In an apparent effort to clarify Dent's remark, Limehouse said that he had spoken, that very day, with the chairman of the Committee on Committees. The chairman had confirmed his appointment to the Armed Services Committee. When asked by a newsman the chairman's name, Limehouse, looking somewhat perplexed, said, "I'll tell you later."

Despite this unfortunate lapse in memory, Limehouse seized the offensive. A cartoon portraying Davis and McGovern gleefully boarding-up the Naval Yard began to appear in the Charleston paper. Billboards featuring Limehouse and Nixon sprouted throughout the District.

Like most of his rather conservative constituents, Davis had little in common with George McGovern. However, he understood the penalty for congressional mutiny (Rivers had tried this in 1952). So he went back into Colleton, Jasper and Beaufort Counties. He stood in the sun, sweating in his double knits, and tried to explain his dilemma to the people. And they, apparently, understood. For once more he was returned to his office in Washington.

The First Congressional District embraces South Carolina's lower coast. It begins just below Georgetown and extends to the Savannah River. The district includes the counties of Beaufort, Berkeley, Colleton, Dorchester, Hampton, Jasper, and Charleston. Charleston County accounts for about half of the 160,000 registered voters in the district.

"...Davis had little in common with George McGovern..."

Beyond Charleston, the district consists of small farmers, small merchants and an economy that could be termed marginal. Jasper County, for example, is without any significant industry. Although Hilton Head (in Beaufort County) and the Westinghouse (in Hampton County) distort the economic picture, the people are mostly of the khaki-trousered, ring-around-the-collar variety. Religious, hard-working, loyal-to-a-fault folks.

Probably the most predictable aspect of the district is the black vote. Despite legitimate black opposition in every election (civil rights activist Victoria DeLee), Davis has been the overwhelming favorite in East Charleston and in the small black communities scattered throughout the district.

The black vote, the blue-collar vote in North Charleston, and the farm vote from a formidable majority.

†††††

Mendel Davis does not really fit the "congressional" image. He's too short and he's a little overweight. But what is most distracting is his smile. A wide-open, face-distorting smile that is totally disarming.

"I voted to sustain the President's veto on the strip mining bill," Davis began. "That's the first time I've done that." I asked him what was wrong with the bill. "Well, we could have written a better bill; one that would balance the economic and the environmental interests a little better. This bill really would have raised the cost of coal...the cost of electricity in the district."

The district, more specifically the constituents in the First Congressional District, are a very big factor in this man's voting. "The boss wants to know how many letters we get on each piece of legislation," says Penny Kirk. "Who wrote,...whether or not they favor the bill."

Penny Kirk, like most of Davis' staff, is young and eager. There is no obvious display of magnolia and honeysuckle (something of a trademark with southern legislators). She shares a small, crowded room with four other assistants and tries to reduce the massive amounts of daily legislation into something Davis can read. If a piece of legislation will have impact in the district, she notes constituent response. Who wrote. How many letters or telegrams in support. How many against the bill.

Concern for the constituency seems to be the bottom line here. "We inherited a service district," says Wayne Long. "When Mendel Rivers held this seat people expected help...he was someone to call or write when they had a problem." Long handed me a letter that lamented the lack of drainage ditches. "We respond to everything. The same day. It's the way the boss operates."

The House of Representatives has 21 standing committees. Each representative is assigned to one or two committees when he or she arrives, and those assignments determine the policy areas where that person will specialize.

In June, 1972, Davis was appointed to the Committee on Internal Security and the House Committee on Science and Astronautics. Not the most sought after assignments in Washington. In 1973, however, he was given a seat on the Armed Services Committee (better). But the big three eluded him -- Appropriations, Rules, and Ways and Means.

Then, in December of 1974, Davis led a demonstration saying the South was poorly represented on the Steering Committee. Incredibly, this demonstration got him a seat on that Committee.

The House Policy and Steering Committee was originally formed during the first session of the 73rd Congress. It was composed of 15 members representing the 15 geographical zones of the United States plus the House leadership. In the beginning its only funcion was "policy." While its recommendations were not binding, party members were expected to follow these

(Continued on page ten)

Scott Graber is an attorney and freelance writer from Beaufort. He has made frequent contributions to **Osceola** in the last year, and recently spent some time with Congressman Mendel Davis in Washington.

Clubs

At least it wasn't Southern blues-rock

Isis
At the Left Guard
June 15

There's a drastic difference between the two images projected by Isis, the all-women rock band, on the cover of their first album and in a recent appearance in Columbia. The difference is sex. The front cover of the album, **Isis**, contains a photo of the band -- eight women then -- standing erect in a V-formation, glistening from crown to toe in silvery body paint, entirely nude. The cover isn't really what you would call titillating, partly because the girls aren't the pinup type anatomically, but largely because all that silvery paint gives them an unearthly, cold, metallic image. Yet you know that photo wasn't on that particular cover just because the record company had an overabundance of silver paint and an underabundance of clothes. Can't you just imagine a cadre of neatly dressed recording execs seated around a table in a monolithic office building, beating their heads against the nearest wall trying to think up a cute sales gimmick, when simultaneously, as one, they all bellow out the same logical unique, original conclusion: "SEX!!!"? I can.

nothing of the sort. The women looked like the type of persons you might find browsing through the lingerie at whatever New York City has to rival K-Mart -- frumpy, unruly-haired, jeaned, overweight.

The comparison between Isis and Fanny, another well-known female rock band that played in Columbia last year, was inevitable through the mere fact that all-women bands are so rare in a male-dominated profession. Fanny, in their appearance, emphasized their stage image, which included lots of makeup, sexy costumes and a black-magic theme running through their lyrics. Isis, thankfully, was less worried about stage presence and more about music.

And the music was good, loud rock. Isis has a big band sound, with two saxes, two guitars, bass, trumpet, trombone, drums, and percussionist on most of the songs, with several women doubling up on instruments. Rhythm guitarist and lead singer Carol MacDonald, and sax and flute player Feinberg are the focal points of the group. Isis looks like a cross-section of American womanhood. All the elements seem represented. Liberty Mata, who plays congas and bongos, is a Cuban refugee; drummer and group co-founder Ginger Bianco looks Puerto Rican; bassist Stella Bass (her real name? I don't know) is black; there are at least two Jews, Feinberg and trombonist Lolly Beinenfeld. Just what you'd expect from that great melting pot, New York City. There's even a token grit-figure, trumpeter Lauren Draper, who, with her Madras slacks, sleeveless turtleneck top and Joe College belt, gives a totally un-Mod, high schoolish appearance that contrasts with the sloppy-hip look of her cohorts.

Jean Feinberg of Isis

I must admit I was prepared for more of the same in concert (with minor alterations tailored to the Bible Belt). An article in **People** magazine which told salaciously of how Isis sax-flute player Jean Feinberg sometimes played with nothing on above the waist except body paint (oh, heavens!) did nothing to quiet those expectations. But, surprise of surprises, when the nine women in Isis finally drifted onstage, there was

Correspondingly, the music showed roots in a variety of backgrounds -- soul, reggae, blues, jazz, ragtime and rock. Which was, in a way, refreshing after a steady diet in Columbia of Southern blues-rock. The performance started off with a trite bit of fluff written by Bass, the black bass player, called "Do the Football" which clearly showed the band's predilection for soul. The song, from the group's first album, wasn't helped, unfortunately, by its unerringly trite lyrics -- "make the scene," "Do your thing," etc. After a tune entitled "Ain't No Backing Up" paid tribute to reggae, Isis performed a ragtime number from their first album, "Cocaine Elaine." Then they plugged a single they've just released, "Maria," which they claimed wasn't getting the air play it should because of controversial lyrics. The lyrics I could single out, like "I love that lovin', and I need ya, need ya, and I want ya, want ya," sounded more inane than anything else. There were also several songs from the group's second album, just released.

Jean Feinberg, on tenor sax and flute, was definitely the most professional musician of the band, and the most fun to watch and listen to. She played a very staccato flute, with lots of sharp, syncopated runs, a la Jethro Tull. She nearly stood on one leg at times, a la Ian Anderson, seemingly restrained from such mimmicking only by the premonition of the utter triteness of it. But her sax work was superb, guttural, and earthy. In one song, the name of which I didn't catch, she was featured on a sax break that was long, moody, jazzy, and extremely good; it was really the only jazz of the night, though I'd expected more. The song was a curious mixture of jazz and rock, with a guitar background that sounded straight out of Black Sabbath adding an eerieness to the horn and sax instrumentals.

Technical troubles -- and MacDonald's temper -- threatened to ruin the performance. The sound crew couldn't seem to get the volume right, the reverb on the proper instruments, and the unwanted squelches cut out on the first half of the set, and did little better after intermission. But that didn't excuse MacDonald throwing a tantrum on stage, breaking into the flow of the lyrics with angry yells of "reverb" and the like. I fully expected to see her wrap a mike stand around her sound man's neck. She finally shouted at him, "You're the worst, the WORST!" It was a wholly unprofes-

Carol MacDonald of Isis

sional act for a professional musician to sink to. I really don't think the audience minded the technical problems as much as they did the unwarranted fits of passion.

MacDonald also had the ill luck to commit another unpardonable cardinal sin -- she forgot where she was playing, and let the audience know. Yet, I must give her credit for realizing at least that there are two Carolinas, which for some reason many non-Southerners can't seem to grasp. But a few of the good ole boys in the crowd got their dander up when MacDonald couldn't remember whether she was North or South.

I must also mention that Isis' first two songs after intermission were songs they had done before breaking, and they weren't good enough to bear repeating. I suppose that they didn't want to waste any of their good material while the technical problems were still plaguing them. But that's no excuse.

Isis has **potential**. When I told a friend that, he warned me that that was one of the worst things a reviewer could say about a group. But I'll stick to my guns. Isis has some good instrumentalists, and they show a good range of musical tastes. Yet their songs are boringly trite at times, changes of tempo nonexistent, and the vocals only passable. And they lack real excitement, a quality that isn't easily definable but which is essential to Isis' -- and anyone's -- success.

Bob Thompson

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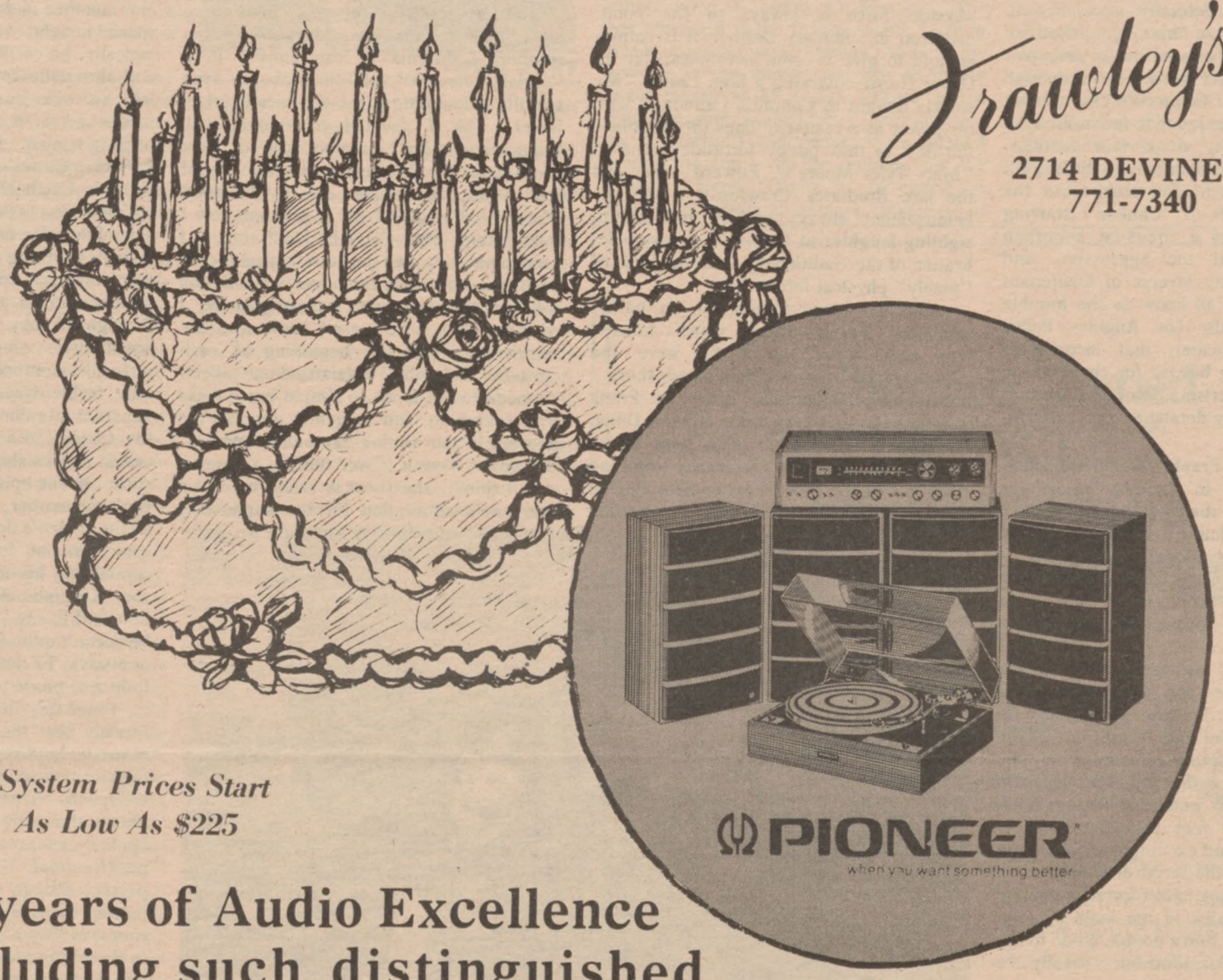

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Television

A look at TV detective-land

Columbo
NBC
Sunday, 9 p.m.
Cannon
CBS
Wednesday, 9 p.m.

Peter Falk's Columbo used to be my favorite television detective until -- well, until I got tired of him, got tired of "Columbo's" ever-so-predictable basic plot structure which never seemed clever enough to justify and offset Columbo's entertaining eccentric cool. Since I tend to feel some kind of perverse loyalty to certain familiar, long-favorite video phantoms, a little guilt attended my switch, for escape, to the weekly installments of "Cannon" starring William Conrad as a circus-fat suburban private eye, blunt and aggressive, and almost the complete inverse of Lieutenant Columbo, who we all know as the humble civil servant of the Los Angeles Police Department (homicide), that incorrigible child and irritating beggar for clues whose ingratiating mannerisms decorate a manner which is completely detatched and emotionally uninvolved.

Columbo and Frank Cannon obviously don't have much in common except the general line of their work -- criminal investigation. I doubt if former addicts of that sensitive psychopath Kung Fu -- including several of my friends -- are likely to enjoy Frank at work, while they might easily admire the congenitally anti-authoritarian Columbo.

I don't think my friends like Frank Cannon's lifestyle and the values that correspond with it. It's true: Frank has a fat gut and a fat wallet and -- right out in the open during scripted references to the energy "crunch" -- that big sleazy Lincoln Continental. Frank works for Money. That he commands fat fees for what to us is apparently brief and exciting work is a point of special note in the script of almost every episode. That Frank is comfortably wealthy as well as a moralist in the mold of John Wayne must make him a double do-do to the old fans of David Carradine but -- I really like old Frank. I know he loves money and appeals to the basest instincts of Nielsonville and is always proud, when the moment seems to be forced upon him, to use his brute physical force. But oh what splendid corny macho! When Frank kicks some young thug under the table it's -- well, it's not done gracefully. William Conrad is indeed a very fat man, and while his use of physical force is always to the point, executed in summary fashion, it is clumsy enough to give it comic overtones, like an Oliver Hardy smacking a Stan Laurel. My weekly delight in Conrad's Cannon is with his power as a reader-of-lines (he combines the best of that pudgy fortitude found in "Mary Tyler Moore's" Edward Asner and the late Broderick Crawford). And my bemusement always trickles into camp-sighting laughter at Cannon's clumsy celebration of the traditionally venerated use of "manly" physical force.

And that name Cannon -- it's hardly symbolic. Frank virtually wheels himself into each scene, as if he were the supra-rational Ironsides, then stands there -- immovable. Incidentally, ladies, fat Frank was for years the sexy voice of Matt Dillon on radio "Gunsmoke." Now here he is, weekly, on television paternally combing clues out of the hair of an endless line of starlets obviously culled from the myriad modeling agencies in and around Hollywood. In the epilogue, is she's good, Frank has the young lady formerly in distress over to the house for drinks and a thick steak. Quite a guy, that Frank Cannon. Tremendous voice, full of belligerent gusto. On the job, he's the Robert Goulet of the interrogative sentence.

But Cannon ticked me off a month or so ago when he left his sunny bourgeois orbit in southern California to lose himself in a "socially-relevent" plot-line about Arab guerilla kidnapping of an American girl in Israel. So I decided to re-open my acquaintance with "Columbo" and sat down last Sunday for the June summer re-run of that series, an episode called "Troubled Waters." I'm glad I did it because now I think I know what Columbo is all about. I used to have my own pop-sociological theory about the appeal of this show when I was watching the series with some regularity. I reasoned that since we all knew who the culprit was from the beginning of each episode, "Columbo" dramatized our collective need to get down to simple brass tacks with everybody and to gently unmask the phonies in our work-a-day environments. But now I have a newer theory, a simpler one, I think: the show is really based on everyone's admiration for the supposedly ingenious child-like way in which Columbo fastens onto clues and figures things out.

Robert Conrad - 'Frank works for Money'

Myself, I'm not so impressed with Columbo's mental work, nor sure I ever was. Columbo, disguised as cuddly, is at heart a simple nuts-and-bolts-nut all the way, completely uninterested in people. For all his obtuse charm I often wonder if he isn't just another piddling technician with no special insight. He's cute because, psychologically, he oscillates between the nursery and the pubescent's basement chemistry lab; his wife is never seen but regularly mentioned as if she were Mom, upstairs cooking supper. Lieutenant Columbo is the perfect incarnation of the character or in Heller's **Catch-22** -- but only in his total obliviousness to the people in his way. Or is something of a mechanical wizard who can fashion anything out of the spare parts of anything else. Columbo's no genius, but he promises to be a smart guy who can see through phoney people. The clues his scriptwriters contrive for him to happen upon like a randomly inquisitive child are only feeble ways to objectify Columbo's apparent intuition about people -- especially the Culprit with whom he enjoys a fake-casual relationship for three-fourths of each show. In one episode, the details of which I can't remember, Columbo has dissembled all the culprit's defenses and the man shows some emotion in his confession since in committing his murder he framed his own son. Columbo almost puts his arm around him as if to say "I'm OK, You're OK," but he doesn't quite follow through. Just when, as always, TV detective-land could do with a little anti-predatory moral statement.

Tough guys like Cannon and Kojak often literally beat the truth out of culprits and suspects, but Columbo the bumbling, tinkering mechanic picks up the necessary info by seduction. Truth, at any rate, is for the philosophers; he is only interested in the applied science of clue acquisition and positive proof. We forget how much he uses people, though we know how juch he's putting them on. His seductiveness in the course of his job is so beguiling that it's easy to invest Columbo with the new anti-hero's virtue of pre-occupation with interpersonal relations. But -- alas! -- Columbo is crime-solving not for the sake of society like Cannon or Kojak but for the sake of the game of crime-solving. He's just playing a game, not Sherlock's brand of chess, perhaps, but his own brand of checkers -- and unlike Cannon or Kojack or Barnaby Jones or Mannix he's an amoral force.

Cannon is a caricature; I can take him or leave him. But somehow Columbo disappoints me. I keep wishing he'd grow up -- quit acting like the nice kid Bobby Fisher might have been. But...In the "Troubled Waters" episode last Sunday night, Columbo is caught on an ocean liner, forced to work without the supplementary services of those ordinarily anonymous but revered technicians in TV Detective-land, the Ballistic Experts. Late in the show, at his make-shift lab beside the ship's shuffle board, Columbo pulls the murder-bullet out of a pants pocket filled with lint, ticket stubs, change, and a '47 Silver Dollar. For such great little moments, I say, hell, let him play.

Dan Lackey

LETTERS

To the editors:

This letter is in response to an article in the June 13, 1975 issue of **Osceola**, page two:

"Twelve of the legislature's 13 black members have voiced support for Flack, with only Rep. Kay Patterson (D-Richland)defecting."

Well now, let us turn to **The Random House Dictionary Of The English Language** (The Unabridged Edition), page 378, and see what we have here:

defect: n. --- v.i. 3. to desert a cause, country, etc., especially in order to adopt another.

Needless to say, as a former Sgt. in the U.S. Marine Corps, I certainly don't appreciate worth a damn, your reference to me as a **defector** or **deserter**! But be that as it may, for I do believe in the rights of all American citizens guaranteed to them by the U.S. Constitution; namely, first amendment rights, e.g., Freedom of speech and Freedom of the Press -- **and you do own one**!

Now, let us place the "defecting" part of your story in its proper prospective. At **first**, the S.C. Legislative Black Caucus' position was, the Caucus will not endorse/support either of the two candidates (Flack/Johnson) as a Caucus. However, each member of the Caucus is free to endorse/support the candidate of his/her choice. At that point in time, I informed the Caucus that I would support Rev. Edward F. Johnson because a) he is a Columbia-man; b) Former Pastor of Bethlehem Baptist Church (College Place); c) former resident of District 73; d) worked with us on many community projects -- energy, time, and money to keep the OEO Community Center open off Koon Road; e) Graduate of Benedict College; f) worked with us on voter registration drives; and g) He is eminently qualified for the job!

At the eleventh hour, the Caucus **changed its mind**, and decided to endorse/support Mr. Flack! **I have not changed my mind!** Once I give my word, I will keep it, come hell-or-high-water! My Grandmomma taught me that down in Darlington County! **Even a damn politician ought to keep his word!**

Peace,
Kay Patterson
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Tommy
at the Palmetto Theatre

Millions of young people have seen this new film version of **Tommy**, but I don't know of anyone who has actually liked it, and it's easy enough to see why. Ken Russell has taken the amiable and insubstantial "rock opera" first popularized by The Who several years ago and turned it into another one of his megalithic fantasies of pop culture -- a kind of bowlderization in reverse -- and it's simply all out of scale.

Russell is, of course, the brash bully boy of current moviedom, a director most noted for his use of the cinematic form of comic strip poster art, for his love of off-beat characters and situations, for his obscurity, for his irreverence toward nearly everything, and for his few concessions to the sensibility of his audience. He might be a nasty black sheep brother to the equally British and nearly as kinky-campy Richard Lester. His work has been almost exclusively confined to biographies -- mainly for the BBC -- and adaptations, and there have been Russell versions of such works as **Women in Love**, Huxley's **The Devil of Loudin [The Devils]** and such unsuspecting corpi as Tchaikovsky [**The Music Lovers**], Frederick Delius, and perhaps most satisfactorily, Isadora Duncan in a TV life vastly more entertaining and probably truer than the Karel Reisz obsequy.

At first glance, Russell's methods would not seem to be incompatible with **Tommy**, the certainly off-beat and occasionally witty story of a "deaf, dumb, and blind kid" who becomes a pinball champion and eventually the new commercial Jesus, and as the movie opened with a gigantic fast motion sunset worthy of Zarustra himself I found myself scribbling down that K.R. had definitely found his metier. And there is mildly inspired casting of this work never actually visualized onstage (the movie is simply a picturization of the sound track, performed without physical dramatization by The Who in records and concerts). Ann Margret shows up as the avaricous mother and Oliver Reed as the lover who together, by killing his real father, cause Tommy's affliction at age ten. Margret, incidentally, seems to get more accomplished and attractive with every subsequent film although Reed's oily menace is much the same as it's always been. Tina Turner is great as the Acid Queen and looks ready to chew up the camera in a sequence that ends with a pair of giant writhing lips. Eric Clapton and Elton John play themselves respectively as the Priest and Pinball Wizard; Jack Nicholson as the lascivious specialist almost reprises his **Carnal Knowledge** duo with Margret's hot pants Mother although his efforts to carry a tune are even more pathetic than Reed's. Roger Daltry, at first a kind of overly sentimentalized punching bag and later with more teeth than Mary Tyler Moore, is not to my taste as Tommy, but he is the original

Roger Daltry

and (as a member of The Who) obvious choice for the part.

And there are other enjoyable touches in the classic Russell tradition: the Mother takes Tommy to be cured at a shrine to Marilyn Monroe that has a gigantic plaster statue of the famous pose from **The Seven Year Itch** -- the dress being blown up by the subway; Tommy appears singing to his followers from a hang glider; an inebriated Margret has a suggestively orgasmic number while watching commercials on a huge TV and finally the screen bursts open to deluge her with soap suds and pork and beans.

But ultimately **Tommy** and its message survive or fall through their sincerity, and beneath the weight of Russell's ego (no one can accuse **him** of being a faceless plodder) and the high stakes promotion this film has been getting, they simply collapse. I began to find myself growing weary of Russell's tricks, and he too seems to have exhausted himself for the final scenes at the holiday camp are the dullest in the movie, having as their major motif a littering of giant pinballs (they look to be repainted containers for pressurized gas). And the score, blasted out in "quintophonic" sound gets to be a bit much somewhere into the second hour.

More importantly, the entire operation, with its specially installed sound equipment, overproduced visuals and road show treatment, comes to seem increasingly questionable and out of proportion. The whole point of **Tommy** is that he finally rejects the commercial exploitation of the older generation and goes off to find his own way (never mind the hypocrisy of this message coming from a younger generation of notoriously greedy rock stars). But **Tommy** itself has been exploited by promoters ever since it was written, and well-heeled audiences seem compliant. A kid interviewed while standing in line for one of the show's sold out "farewell" stagings at the Met in June, 1970, complained about the location, "the rock culture will only be pure once we get rid of all the other trash that goes on here" (an interesting notion; will inoffensive but trouble-ridden and expensive opera be the first victim of cultural revolutionaries?) and continued, "By coming here we're supporting capitalism," He added, "I only came because two of my friends came." I doubt that **Tommy** is a very popular movie, but lots of people seem to be going because their friends went, because it's the thing to do, because it's just simply **there**. It's reputation as the first rock opera and a cultural phenomenon make it unstoppable no matter what people may think of the movie.

Moreover, the promotional techniques used on this film amusingly, ominously reflect those of Tommy the Messiah. The box office girl at the theatre where I saw it was wearing the same Tommy t-shirt as the acolytes in the movie, and was taking in ticket money at $3 a clip. There was a pinball machine in the lobby ("your quarters go to charity") and people were queued around the corner of the building for the following show. There is, of course, a soundtrack album in release (reviewed in these pages several weeks ago) and the original Tommy is a double golden record. The movie has already earned Columbia at least a cool $5 million with the summer only started.

Tommy is definitely big business, and while the cynical promotion may be written off to the money-hungry bankers and studio heads and Russell is himself at 48 a rather faded flower child, the success of this film is disturbing. Russell ends his movie on that opening mountaintop with Tommy staring at the sun coming **up** this time and with it presumably the Age of Aquarius, but if this film **Tommy** is supposed to represent a revolutionary spirit, then will the new regime be any less corrupt than the old one? It makes one wonder.

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Music/Recordings

Emmylou grabs the spotlight

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So we can dream.

†††††

For some reason I keep comparing Emmylou Harris' solo album, **Pieces Of The Sky** (Reprise Records), with Maria Muldaur's first offering of two years ago. Not that the two women sound anything alike -- Mauldaur's jazzy barroom crooning is as far from Harris' soft country twang as you're likely to get in this universe. But like Muldaur's first album, **Pieces Of The Sky** exudes an air of completeness; an easy, finished quality that begs to be played again and again and again until the neighbors start complaining.

In short, **Pieces Of The Sky** is a beautiful album.

And, to cop a phrase, it's been a long time coming. Haris has been on the verge of stardom for a number of years -- first as an almost-member (the band broke up before she could join) of the Flying Burrito Brothers, again as the protege of the late Gram Parsons and finally as background vocalist for such artists as Linda Ronstadt. **Pieces Of The Sky** should take care of that oversight. Like Muldaur, Emmylou Harris' strength is as a performer rather than a songwriter, although one of her own compositions, along with Bill Danoff, does appear on the album, and she has an uncanny knack for choosing her material.

"Bluebird Wine" and "Bottle Let Me Down" are country rock at its finest, with Harris' superbly country voice finding an especially comfortable niche with the old Merle Haggard standard of "Bettle." Good too are "Too Far Gone," the Billy Sherill composition of "If I Could Only Win Your Love," "Before Believing" and her own composition, "Boulder to Birmingham."

The real treat, however, comes with side two. After opening with "Bottle Let Me Down," she moves into an impressively poignant rendition of Boudeleaux and Felix Bryant's "Sleepless Nights," easily the album's high point. Her voice, a curious mixture of Dolly Parton's twang and Buffy St. Marie's drive, with maybe a dash of Rita Cooledge on the side, handles the country ballad with real clan. If there are tears to be jerked, this one'll jerk 'em.

From there Harris moves into a Dolly Parton composition, "Coat of Many Colors," and, in what has to be the stylistic leap of the month, into a moving version of Lennon and McCartney's "For No One." She rounds off the album with Shel Silverstein's classic "Queen of the Silver Dollar," with Linda Ronstadt on background vocals for a change.

Pieces Of The Sky is an easy album to gush over. Performers of Harris' caliber should remain in the background only long enough to walk to center stage.

†††††

On the other side of the universe: really now, Ray Davies, what does it all mean?

After all, you and the Kinks have been around long enough to qualify as genuine rock institutions, the grandaddies of British bizarre, as it were. You pioneered AC/DC rock -- "Lola" -- helped give birth -- I'll bet you're sorry now -- to the ubiquitous rock opera -- "Arthur" -- and even gave all those movie nostalgia buffs -- myself included -- a marching album -- "Celluloid Heroes."

And now you've taken to the stage once again to give us a **Soap Opera** (RCA Records), along with the mythical persons of Norman the accountant and the Starmaker, 12 individual songs that are more or less autonomous and a sort-of connected story-line (if you read the album liner notes faithfully).

What we've got here is classic Kinks, as predictable as leader Ray Davies' insanity. The Kinks have never been a group to engender apathy, and **Soap Opera** isn't about to break that particular pattern or make any converts along the way. In fact, Kinks' fans seem to fall right along in there with, say, Brazilian soccer fans, and probably seem just as crazy to the outside world.

Soap Opera charts the course of the Starmaker as he assumes the hum-drum, everyday life of Norman the accountant, an experiment in collecting material for new songs and proving that any schmuck, even Norman, can be a star. But fate upon twisted fate, Starmaker-Norman must face the real truth -- that there never was any Star, just yeechy old Norman and his vivid imagination.

But not to worry:

"...This is the end for Norman but not for us because there will always be somebody ready to take his place -- after all, everybody's a star."†

This is really Ray Davies' album, a tribute to his versitility as a singer, songwriter and producer. The songs run the gamut, from rather pretty ballads ("Ordinary People," "Face in the Crowd") to a marching anthem for old rockers ("You Can't Stop the Music") to patented Davies' insanity -- "Ducks on the Wall," for instance:

"I love you baby but I can't ball
When I see those ducks on the wall."†

If you've got friends you've been wanting to introduce to the Kinks -- maybe they've been in suspended animation for a decade or so -- this is the album for breaking them in. Ducks on the wall indeed.

Michael Bane

‡**Soap Opera** copyright 1974/5, Davray Music Ltd.

New challenge for Mendel Davis

(continued from page five)

guidelines when possible. Today, this committee not only determines policy, but it seats freshman legislators on the standing committees.

"Most people don't understand what the Steering Committee is or does," says a former aide. "It's a damned good place for him to be...it gives him power that he can broker. Look what he did for Jenrette; what he did for Derrick and Holland."

"Most people don't understand what the Steering Committee is or does," says a former aide. "It's a damned good place for him to be...it gives him power that he can broker. Look what he did for Jenrette; what he did for Derrick and Holland." Although two of his friends (Mills and Hebert) have fallen from the mountain, Davis has become identified as a "House" man. That is, a legislator with a fundamental respect for the formal (and informal) rules that apply in the House. Davis has played the game well.

But there are those who refuse to play this game. A large, apparently growing number of young congressmen have challenged the House leadership. When the Steering Committee, in its predictable fashion, nominated Hebert, Hayes and Mills to chair their respective committees, the freshmen were not persuaded. After a brief, bloody fight in the Democratic caucus, Hebert was defeated. Mills survived, only to be demolished by the Argentine Bombshell.

This discontent, this dissatisfaction seems to be growing. On June 16, a dozen House freshmen began a movement to dump Carl Albert.

"When your team stops winning games you get a new coach," said Congressman Bob Carr. "You don't get mired down in arguments about whether the coach did all he could."

I asked Davis if this restlessness signified a change. "Not really," he said. "Look at their record on the day-to-day issues. This Congress was sent here by worried people. People who are afraid of what is happening to the economy. I don't think the people want a change."

But one cannot help but wonder about the House, speculate about its recent failure in its face-off with Ford. One cannot help but wonder if the decline of the legislative branch would be less rapid with younger leadership. Now that the executive has been bloodied by Watergate and its aftermath, and the nation has wearily refocused its attention to the Congress...Maybe we're asking too much. Realistically, the cards are stacked against action by the Congress. Bills can be killed in committee, sidetracked or lost in sub-committee. Failure with the Rules Committee, or in the Conference Committee, or on the floor is usually fatal. Those who want action on jobs or energy must win at every point in the legislative process, while a lobbyist or a President must only win once. Perhaps it is as unrealistic to expect decisiveness here as it is to expect dramatic action in the South Carolina Legislature.

†††††

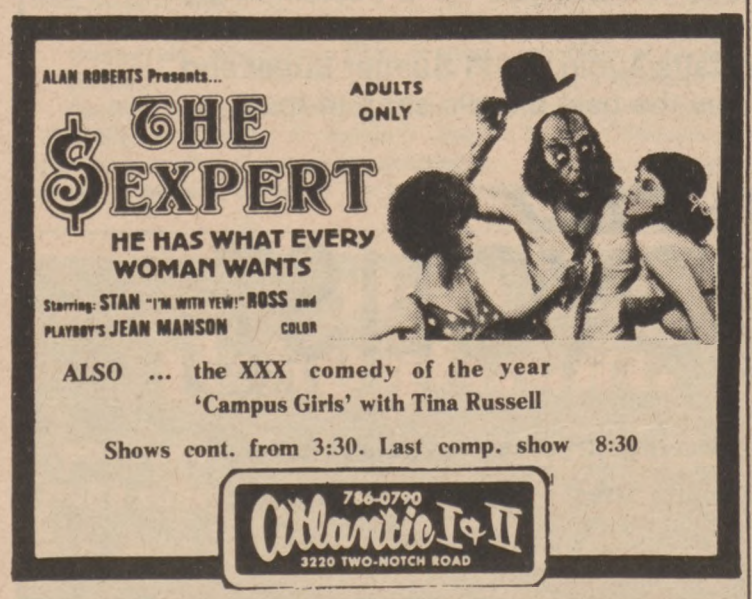
The Congressman's office is about a hundred and fifty yards from the House chamber. He can leave his office in the Cannon Building, and be on the floor in about five minutes. But that five-minute walk can be inspirational (even in June).

When we left the Cannon Building a cop obligingly stopped traffic on Constitution Avenue. (It's those little things.) The sidewalks tht lead to the House were suddenly filled with a tide of tall, purposeful legislators walking to meet the roll-call. As we mounted the steps of the Capitol I felt a light-headedness as if I, too, had some message for Garcia.

The voting is done with a sort of credit card. The member inserts a plastic card into a box and then presses appropriately marked buttons: yea, nea, abstain. His vote then flashes on a large electronic score-board suspended above the House floor.

After Davis had voted, he took me to the gallery where we could survey the action below. Looking down on the floor, at the surge and the counter-surge of opinion and rhetoric, it is clear that House of Representatives is not a model of legislative efficiency. The individuals who populate, who gather on the floor, reflect too well the character of their districts, whether it's Brooklyn or Bucks County, Saluda or Shaker Heights. The difficulty of meshing the opinions and the ideology of Green Pons, South Carolina, and Old Greenwich, Connecticutt, is apparent as one sits in the gallery. It reminded me, conveniently, of the C-5A. That great, airborne elephant of an airplane. We have, it seems to me, an elephantine chamber that struggles (with itself) to fly. Unconvinced, we watch the leviathan rumble along the legislative runway not expecting this titanium contradiction to leave the ground. But it does leave the ground...and we cannot really understand why.

We live, to paraphrase the Chinese curse, in interesting times. For the first time in my memory, we are looking to the Congress for answers. Afraid of an unprincipled executive, we are asking the Congress for solutions. For young legislators like Mendel Davis, it won't be easy. It will involve a lot more than a mere monitoring of the pulse of the people back home. Getting the country back on the right track will mean putting aside the pork barreling for a while. It will be interesting to see if Mendel Davis, who has caught the fancy of the First Congressional District, can reconcile his personal interests with national needs in order to provide guidance for a troubled country. ■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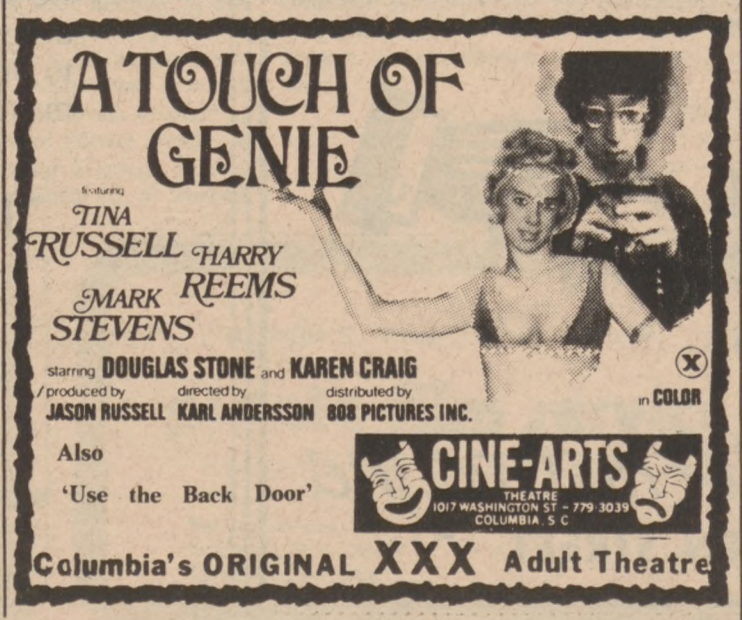


EVENTS & entertainments

Edited by Venson Steadman
June 20 - 27

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

A double-feature for kung fu aficionados. "Dragon Squad" at 3:15, 6:35, and 9:55. "Mandarian Magician" at 4:56 and 8:16. Both are rated R.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"The Sexpert" and "Campus Girls." Rated X. First show at 3:30 and last at 8:30.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

Tina Russell, Harry Reems, and Mark Stevens in "A Touch of Genie," with "Use the Back Door" coming up second. Both are X and continuous shows begin at 1 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8016

"Cornbread, Earl and Me." Keith Wilkes is a young man trying to escape from the ghetto to play college basketball, but first he must clear himself when unjustly arrested. With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, it's a welcome respite from "Dolemite" and "Force Four." PG. 1. 3, 5, 7, and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Aloha, Bobby and Rose." The old star-crossed lovers lyrical **libestod** routine with Paul LeMat, the hot rodder in "American Graffiti," playing a hot rodder "with a '68 Camaro" (how's that for avoiding stereotypes?) who meets a woman with a five-year-old child and they become "lovers and fugitives" in colorfully detailed settings. Zzzzzzzzz. It plays at 3:45, 5:30, 7:15, and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Jaws." Subtitled The Fish That Came to Dinner, it's about a ferocious shark that dines off the beaches of Long Island with the main course being various swim-suited glamour girls that the beastie (it's mechanical) chomps up with gory relish. We've heard that this one is particularly gruesome (although only rated PG) but it may be a pretty good movie; that is, if you haven't already been bored by the incessant advance promotion. Robert Shaw stars, with Richard Dreyfuss and Roy Scheider supporting. Peter Benchley has adapted his own novel for the screenplay. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Happy Hooker." A relatively straight version -- as opposed to the unauthorized X-rated adaptations -- of Xaviera Hollander's book, with Lynn Redgrave the unlikely actress who plays the cheerful lady of the pavements. Rated R. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

From out of nowhere comes "The McCulloughs," about which we know nothing except that it stars Ernest Borgnine. PG. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Bug." The ads promise, with unconscious humor, "the movie you'll see with your eyes closed." We intend to call Orkin, although there's a vague chance that this infestation could be worth seeing. The title is self-explanatory. 2, 3:50, 4:40, 7:30, and 9:20.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Eiger Sanction" promises to be a pleasantly mindless ice cream cone with which to escape (visually, temporarily) from the summer heat, but it takes too long to get down to the cold stuff and there's nothing else to look at but Clint Eastwood, of the anesthetized countenance. The plot is a lot of nonsense about spies assassinating each other, and eventually culminates with a Swiss mountain climb that is a pretty but pointless anti-climax. R. 2:20, 4:40, 7, and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 MKain Street, 256-1950

"The Other Side of the Mountain" continues for another week. A true-life drama about the crippling of a professional skier. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main St., 254-5800

"Tommy." This slight but likeable rock opera is obviously too slim a foundation for a man of Ken Russell's vision. Russell has called "Tommy" "the greatest work of art in the 20th century" (he may have been only partly fooling) and has set out to prove it with a pastiche of extravagant effects -- the movie is a lip-synched picturization of the album score -- that are occasionally fun but ultimately overkill. Furthermore, the high pressure promotion and $3 road show price make a mockery of this movie's anti-commercial message. Some creative casting with an excellent Ann-Margret as the mother, and Oliver Reed, Tina Turner, Jack Nicholson, Elton John, Eric Clapton, and Roger Daltry as Tommy. PG. 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, with a special midnight late show on Friday and Saturday, June 20 and 21.

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Benji." Poor Benji is kicked, reviled and generally oppressed in this dog story that some children have reportedly been seriously upset by. Bring your crying towel if you're a sucker for big brown eyes. G. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Where the Red Fern Grows." Boy meets dog, and the trailers are highly suggestive. "One of the "where" movies -- "Where the Lilies Bloom," etc. -- anywhere but here. G. On the 20th and 21st the late show will be a preview showing of "Return of the Pink Panther."

clubs

THE COPPER DOOR, 2703 Rosewood Drive, 771-9387

"Phaedra" on Friday and Saturday, June 20 and 21; John Bailey beginning Sunday and continuing through the following week. The probable charge is a dollar per head for members.

THE JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

"The Three Prophets" for this weekend, and "Embers" are the crooners through the 28th. Call about charges.

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

June 20 and 21, "Southern Expedition," a bluegrass band, is scheduled for a weekend stand. Next week will bring Drink Small on Monday, Buzz Peele on Tuesday, Rusty Davis on Wednesday, Jim, Lee, and Connie on Thursday, and "Columbian," a top-forties group, for the weekend of the 27th and 28th. $1 on the weekend, 50 cents during the week.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Drive, 799-2575

"Mother's Finest" through June 21. "Mayson" will sing on Sunday, June 22, and "Law" next week. Call for information about charges.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"Heads of State" appears on the 20th and 21st with "Silk and Steel" coming up next week. No charge.

THE NEW SOUTH MUSIC HALL AND WHISKEY PARLOR, 4614 Devine Street, 787-6505

"Knappy Patch" sings for the 20th and 21st. "High Cotton" is scheduled next week. Free Tuesday, Wednesday $1, $2 per person Thursday through Saturday. Closed on Monday.

classes

Midlands Tec is sponsoring a speed-reading course beginning June 30 and running through July 30. The class will meet on Monday and Wednesday from 7 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. and the cost is $35. Call Midlands Tec at 782-5471, extension 261 for more information.

music

Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Marshall Tucker Band are scheduled to perform at the Carolina Coliseum on Sunday, June 29th, at 8 p.m. Tickets are $6.50, $5.50, and $4.50. Also appearing at the Coliseum this month will be Barry White on Friday, June 27th at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are $6 and $7 and are available from the Coliseum box office and standard ticket outlets.

J.J. Cale is scheduled to sing at the Columbia Motor Speedway June 28 at 5 p.m. Tickets may be purchased at Tunes & Things downtown ($4.50 each), the Taylor Street Pharmacy ($5) and the Record Bar, Dutch Square ($4.50).

A handbell concert will be given in the chapel of the Lutheran Theological Seminary on Friday, June 27, at 8 p.m. The performers are from the Beulah Presbyterian Church in Pittsburg, and the program will include early American hymns and folk songs as well as a 12th Century Easter play. The concert is open free to the public; the Seminary is located at 4200 N. Main Street.

art

The Columbia Museum of Art is featuring two exhibits by local artists this month. Upstairs in the North Gallery, the 8th annual South Carolina Craftsmen exhibit is being presented with work by local artisans in wood, clay, metal, and cloth. Downstairs in the East and West Galleries the Dutch Fork Art Association exhibition features paintings, drawings, and water colors with some work in other media. Most of the pieces in both exhibits are for sale, and will remain on display through June 29th.

Gallery IV in Irmo will be opening a three week exhibit of American Indian art beginning Thursday, June 26, and continuing through July 17. The artists to be presented will be Leonard Riddles (professional name, Black Moon), a Comanche Indian from Oklahoma whose works are on permanent display at the art gallery of the Department of the Interior as well as the private collections of such persons as Senator Fred Harris and Mrs. Robert Kennedy, and Sarah Ayres, a Cawtawba Indian from South Carolina who carries on the tradition of Cawtaba pottery with large and small pieces in the oldest of known South Carolina art forms. A reception for the artists will be held from 7:30 to 10 p.m. on June 26, and the public is invited. Gallery IV is located on Route 60, one mile from I-26.

A work by Black Moon to be shown at Gallery IV

television

Saturday, June 21

1:30 p.m. - Blue Suede, Weather Report, and the Fleetwood Mac do their stuff on "Don Kirshner's Rock Concert." (Channel 25)

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. The Pittsburgh Pirates versus the New York Mets. (Channel 10)

5 p.m. - Golf. Third Round of the U.S. Open. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Football (That's right, we said football). The Coaches All-America game with top college seniors is broadcast from Lubbock, Texas. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Movie. Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson in "Mary, Queen of Scots." Two British queens slug it out for the crown of England in a thespian as well as historical showdown. And the ending? You had to axe. With Timothy Dalton, Patrick McGoohan, Trevor Howard, Daniel Massey, and Nigel Davenport. (Channel 10)

10 p.m. - Moses the Lawgiver. Premier of a summer miniseries that is advertised as a realistic (as opposed to DeMillian) version of Exodus. With Burt Lancaster in the lead, we have misgivings that it may turn out to be an Ancient World "Elmer Gantry," but on the other hand the screenplays for the five chapters are by the ever erudite Anthony Burgess. Moses as a young man will be played by Lancaster's son, Will. (Channel 19)

Sunday, June 22

1 p.m. - Movie. "Gold Diggers of 1933." We rate this one four stars **** and a banana. Busby Berkely on TV is a rare prize not to be missed, and this is the original Gold Diggers film (there were two more) with hundreds of legs, a back stage plot, some famous songs, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, and Dick Powell. Who could ask for more? Watch for those crazy camera angles and Berkely's bizarre choreography. (Channel 19)

2:30 p.m. - Tennis. Bjorn Borg and Rod Laver against Ilie Nastase and Stan Smith in the World Invitational Tennis Classic. (Channel 25)

4 p.m. - Golf. Final round of the U.S. Open. (Channel 25)

4 p.m. - History of the Motion Picture. Will Rogers in a condensation of the 1922 adaptation of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Channel 35)

4:30 p.m. - Tennis. Dick Stockton against Tom Gorman in the CBS Tennis Classic. What strange convolution of PR brainwork always qualifies these matches to be instantly labeled as "classics?" (Channel 19)

7:30 p.m. - Evening at Symphony. Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 performed by Seji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (Channel 35)

11 p.m. - The CBS Weekend News with Dan Rather. A distinguished reporter but is he human? Rather's wired for smiles. (Channel 19)

11:15 p.m. - Movie. Trish Van Devere (Mrs. George C. Scott), Monte Markham, Janet Leigh, and Melvin Douglas in "One is the Lonely Number." Don't be the only person in your house staying up to watch sudsy theatric about a young divorcee making it on her own. Turn off your set and save electricity. (Channel 19)

Monday, June 23

8:15 p.m. - The New York Yankees versus the Baltimore Orioles; Curt Gowdy versus Joe Garagiola. (Channel 10)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. "A Severed Head." A black comedy, we are told, about sexual relationships, which puts the title in a new light. Lee Remick, Richard Attenborough, Claire Bloom, Ian Holm. (Channel 19)

Tuesday, June 24

8:30 p.m. - "The Secret Night Caller." A 1975 TV flicker about an IRS agent (Robert Reed) who has a secret compulsion to make dirty telephone calls to women (Hope Lange, Robin Mattson, Sylvia Sidney). We kid you not; could we make up a plot like that? (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Music. Veteran big band trumpeter Maynard Ferguson plays standards and popular with his own band. (Channel 35)

10 p.m. - CBS News. "Mr. Rooney Goes to Dinner." Producer Andrew Rooney takes an off-beat look at American food in the same style, presumably, as the earlier "Mr. Rooney Goes to Washington," which was not great, but refreshingly different. (Channel 19)

10 p.m. - Alan Watts: Conversation With Myself. The author of "The Way of Zen" talks about the relationship of man to his natural environment. Taped shortly before his death in 1973. (Channel 35)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. Liz and Dick at their most gorgeously embarrassing in "The Sandpiper," a 1965 movie (their first together after "Cleopatra" about a minister who has an affair with an atheistic painter. The course of true love never did run smooth. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. After you've seen Liz Taylor, you can flip over and watch Tom Snyder interview the woman who was probably the inspiration for her "Sandpiper" role, Madalyn Mays O'Hair, the noted atheistic school reformer of the early sixties. (Channel 10)

Wednesday, June 25

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "Only With Married Men." Michele Lee only digs married men but David Birney (remember "Bridget and Bernie"?) is a bachelor who is going to deceive his way into her heart. It was made for TV last year, but the plot sounds like a throw back to Doris Day and Rock Hudson. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - Baretta finds out that local burglaries are the work of his mentally retarded friend (very well played by Burt Young), whom he grew up with in the streets. An unusually good episode. (Channel 25)

Thursday, June 27

9 p.m. - Movie. "Leave Her to Heaven." This is what they used to call a "woman's picture" with Gene Tierney throwing away her life because of her insane jealousy. Nowadays it's called soap opera, but this promises to be a better than most version of the kind of tear jerkers that later became the specialty of Lana Turner, Susan Hayward, and, most recently, Cloris Leachman. It all shows how serious pop culture gradually becomes camp. With such other Fox stalwarts as Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, and Vincent Price. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. For those who were lectured to on film and (we blush to admit it) actually **liked** Clifton Fadiman during all those high school English classes, here he is in the video flesh talking about his forties radio show, "Information, Please." (Channel 10)

Friday, June 27

8 p.m. - Movie. The year 1970 produced, among other things, "Captain Nemo and the Underwater City," an English spin off of the Jules Verne novels. Nemo is played by Robert Ryan, if that tells you anything. (Channel 19)

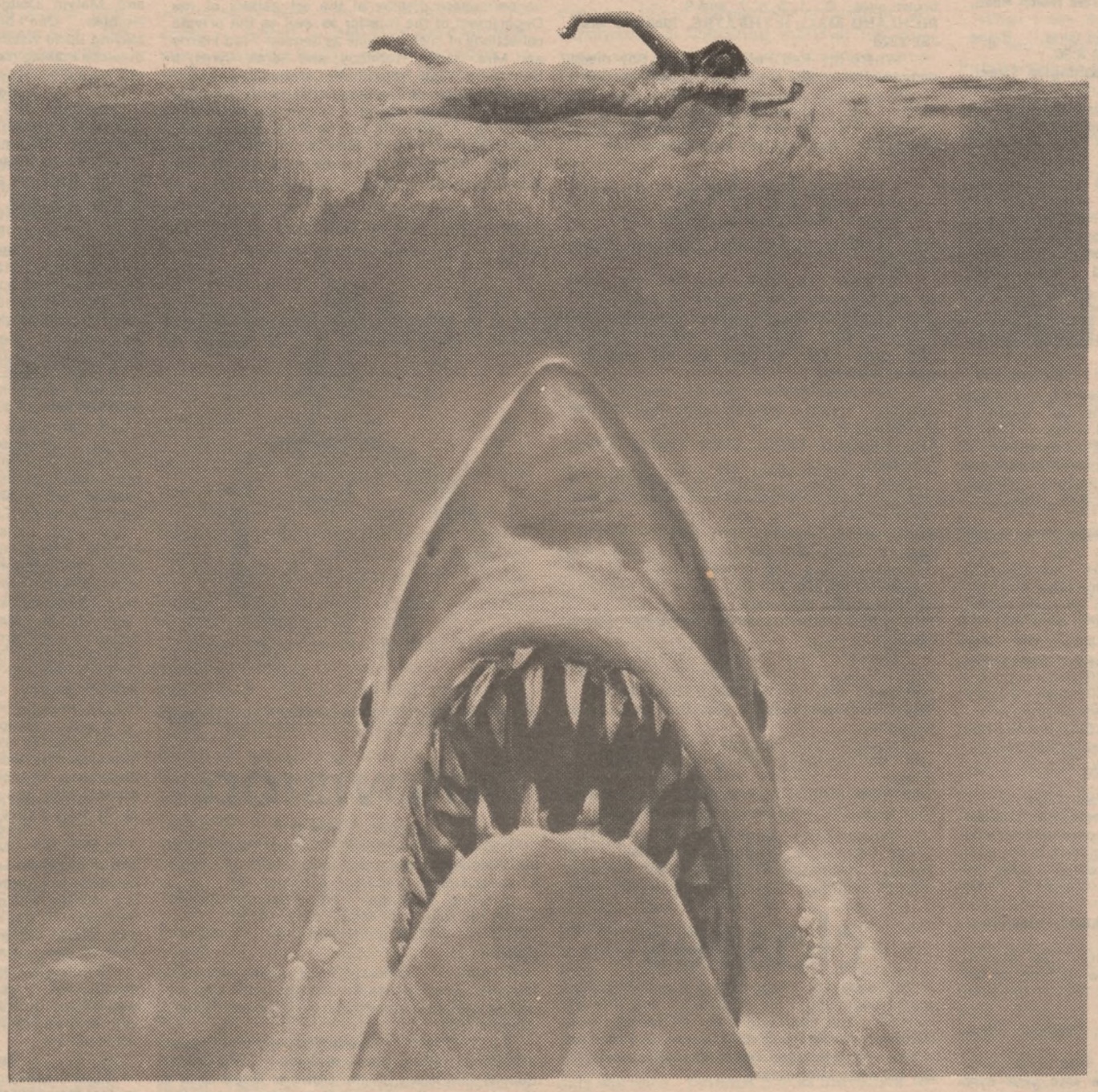
9:30 p.m. - "Shaft." This highly successful story of a black detective was far more influential, both in its violence and ideas, than last week's superior and earlier "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Richard Roundtree stars and Isaac Hayes' music has been mimicked ad nauseum. (Channel 19)

10 p.m. - ABC News Close-up. "Food -- the Crisis of Peace." A critical look at U.S. food policies toward third world nations. (Channel 25)

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. The Temptations, Leo Sayer, Jesse Colter, Ace, and Sister Rose. (Channel 10) ■

JAWS

She was the first...



ROY SCHEIDER

ROBERT SHAW

RICHARD DREYFUSS

JAWS

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
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